that standard piece requires an actress of vogue and authority to make it acceptable. The more recent records of the stage are blackmarked with failures effectually to utilize portions of old plays in the action of new plays. Yet the idea seems to catch the fancy of even the best artists. Lawrence Barrett exploited it in vain. Neither Charles Coghlan nor Henry Miller fared any better with it. And now Mrs. Bingham and Mrs. Harned-Sothern have found it very wasteful of money and pride. "Olympe" is "Adrienne" over again-one of those theatric creatures of the theater who reign like queens in sumptuous greenrooms, while before them, kings lust for them, and dazzled fools go daft for love of them. "Olympe" is fair but looks forty-though Mrs. Bingham is not so old as that; and the mad lover, who quits holy orders to follow her to destruction, is as boyish as the blonde Henry Woodruff can make him. The author intended it should be so, and it last three months and announces that the often happens so in real life, but we can't feel any sympjathy with it as presented on a stage. We are inclined to say, "Oh,

The Irish amateur actress, whom Mrs. Harned-Sothern enacts, might delight usfor she is no player queen, but a natural kisser of the blarney stone, and the chap she lures and finally loves is fit to become ner husband-if the author had been a skilled playwright.

away, you boy,"

It is not in the "As You Like It" scenes, with all their futile attempts to blend the sentiment of Rosalind and Orlando with those of an Irishwamon and Englishman of the present day, that "The Light That Lies | in Woman's Eyes" is dimmest. In the next | The soloists will be four Chicago singersact the man hires gypsies to tie the woman to a tree and him to another, so that he may appear to be a hero by rescuing her from abductors who hold her for a ransom. There they lie fastened on their backs, ludicrously endwise to the audience, and are expected by the author to deliver a dialogue of courtship without provoking ridicule. They can't. FRANKLIN FYLES.

DESCENDANTS OF BUNYAN.

Can Trace Lineage Direct to Author of "Pilgrim's Progress."

New York Herald. There are two men in Chicago who can go back two hundred years and say "Our ancestor was not a mere nameless churl, nor yet a robber chief nor a viking. He was John Bunyan, and beyond him we do not trouble to go. We are satisfied with

John Bunyan was a sort of miracle. the fifth of John receive suggestions to be sent to the Big Bunyan's six children. She married a Four ticket office before next Saturday in William Browne, at Bedford, England, in | regard to the selections of the two conronto, Canada. The American branch of trance of the Gods to Walhalla" and "Ride Sarah Brown with a Stephen Benbrook. Ezekiel Benbrook, the first American of March, Chopin; overture, "Zampa," Herold, the name, was an only child, born about | grand selection from "Traviata" (solos by twenty years before the breaking out of the American revolution. His birthplace was on an English ship in mid-Atlantic, and both his parents died before the ship Charleston, whither he was The orphan was reared by kind strangers, and at the beginning of the revolution joined the patriot army. After the war he followed mercantile pursuits in South Carolina, and it is in the South where nearly all the Benbrooks still re-

It is a remarkable fact that, although "The Pilgrim's Progress" has been the than the Bible, many of the known descendants of Bunyan have taken little interest in it or their relationship to the author. The book has been translated into who live in cities, but I, who live in this tree three months in the year, I have need one of Bunyan's own kinfolk admitted rethat, though he knew he was descended from its author, he had not yet read the "immortal dream," explaining the curious literary fact by saying he was

"never much given to books." But the Chicago "Bunyans"-Samuel P. Benbrook, and his cousin, Monroe Benbrook, direct descendants of Ezekiel-have read the the time of their relationship to Bunyan. The life of Samuel more nearly resembles that of his famous ancestor than does his cousin's. John Bunyan was called a tinker. Strange to say, Samuel Benbrook, in his youth, served an apprenticeship with an only worked at the bench a few months. Then he began to think of becoming a minister and worked his way through college. The first lecture he ever attempted to give after his graduation was upon the life and times of John Bunyan. And yet it was only a few months ago that he became aware of the fact, through his cousin, that he was a descendant of Bunyan.

Another coincidence is that both cousins are strongly religious men, and both hold to that doctrine for which Bunyan fought and suffered-believers' immersion-for Monroe is a member of the Baptist, while Samuel has been a pastor of the Christian Church. The latter was at one time a missionary among the mountaineers of Ala-In Chicago he became chaplain to the hotels, work that was first undertaken by the Rev. Henry Marsh Warren, of New York city, who is head of this movement, | York music critic, writing of "Parsifal" in that is being launched on a large scale in the Theater Magazine for February, has the United States

An Italian-German Alliance.

Booth Tarkington, in "The Aliens," in Mc-

Pietro Tobigli, that gay young chestnut vender-he of the radiant smiles-gave forth, in his warm tenor, his own interpretation of "Ach du lieber Augustine," whenever Bertha, rosy waitress in the little German restaurant, showed her face at the door. For a month it had been a courtship, and the merchant sang often: "Ahaha, du libra Ogostine,

Ogostine, Ogostine! Ahaha, du libra Ogostine,

Nees coma ross. The acquaintance, begun by the song and Pietro's wonderful laugh, had grown tender. The chestnut vender had a way with him; he looked like the "Neapolitan Fisher Lad" of the chromos, and you could have fancied him, two centuries ago, putting a rose in his hair; even as it was, he had the earrings. But the smile of him it was that won Bertha, when she came to work in the little restaurant. It was a smile that put the world at its ease; it proclaimed the coming of morning ever the meadows, and, taking every bystander into an April friendship, ran on suddenly into a laugh that was like silver, and like a strange puppy's claiming you for the lost So it befell that Bertha was fascinated; that, blushing, she laughed back at him, and was nothing offended when, at his first sight of her, he rippled out at once into

What I Should Like.

I'd like to own a quiet neok, When May bestows her smiles once more; And standing by my cabin door, See it reflected in a brook. Beneath the trees a little nest, Where leads not any road or path; A road which never neighbors hath,

"Ahaha, du libra Ogostine."

Save that the white doves love the best. To see, on the horizon dim, At foot of yender rock so gray, Pine trees, and hear at close of day,

The branches sing their evening hymn. Where valleys into valleys go, And where the streamlets, in their play, Capriciously go on their way,

And white beneath the leafage flow. Where olive trees may dream their fill, And bend their heads, fast turning gray,

Where wild vines, foolish lovers they, Climb joyously along the hill. A realm obedient to my law,

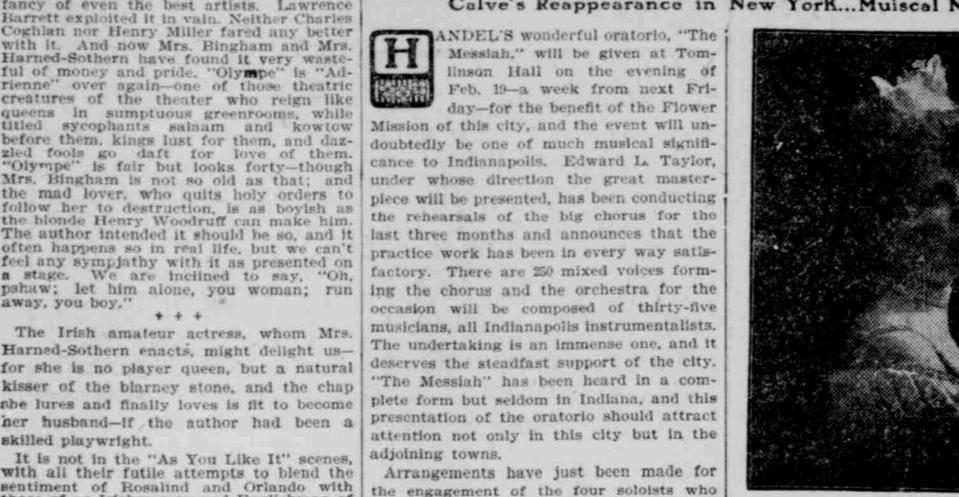
A cool path beside my door, A bower with eglantine grown o'er, No longer than three stalks of straw. Of fragrant moss the carpet laid, Where lavender and thyme may grow, A lordship not so large, I know,

As a child's garden oft is made, In this retreat I fain would stay, With airy shapes the void to fill, And see beneath the foliage still, My post dreamings float away.

Without whom I should quit my throne, Would be to have, all for my cwn, A queen of love, with golden hair. A queen, whose voice is soft and low, With pensive face, and shining eyes, Beneath whose feet unharmed would rise The mosses over which they go.

Strains from the World of Music

Forthcoming Presentation of "The Messiah" ... Return of Creatore Calve's Reappearance in New York ... Muiscal Notes



will be heard in connection with the work.

Helen Buckley, soprano; Maria White-

Longman, contraito; John B. Miller, tenor,

and Albert Boeruff, basso. Miss Buckley

for the forthcoming musical event.

Signori Pierno, Croce and Iafisco) and

chorus from "L'Lombardi," Verdl; sextet

Circicillo, Croce, Piccirillo, Iafisco and

mann; Organ Offertory, Batiste; intermez-

non." Thomas; grand selection from "Gio

prominent club musicales in the past, hav-

Miss Blanche Page, the well-known so-

sicale given at the warerooms of the Starr

very attractive one and the large audience

was delightfully entertained. The Cecillan

concerts are attracting considerable at-

Flora M. Hunter, of the Metropolitan

School of Music, the entertainment being

invitational. Miss Clem's programme will

be made up of selections from Russian,

Scandinavian, American and Austrian com-

W. J. Henderson, the well-known New

this to say: "At each disclosure the opera

house has been crowded with a curious

throng made up partly of habitual music

drinkers, partly of people who regard it as

their duty to find out what's going on in

Madame Calve

sical Event of the Week.

FISHING IN FORMOSA.

Their Rods Superb, but Their Hooks

Three of us, two Americans and one Jap-

anese, started out in jinrikishas from Tai-

peh, the modern capital of Formosa, or

gentleman about eight miles up the river

which runs through the valley of Taipeh.

wide, is clear and full of rapids and riffles. We used Japanese tackle-horsehair line

Are Without Barbs.

Whose Appearance in "Carmen" Was the M

tention among local music lovers.

Giuli), Donizetti; grand selection

"Carmen" (solos by Signori Pierno,

Helen Buckley Who Will Be the Soprano of "The Messiah" at Tomlinson Hall Next Week.

town and partly of deluded curiosity seekis a vocalist who has won praise in coners from Harlem, Hoboken and way stacert work all over this country, and, as tions, all filled with a faith in the stateshe has sung the soprano part in "The ments of press agents, critics afflicted with Messiah" several times before, the work Wagneromania, and hysterical ladies who will be perfectly familiar to her. She studonce visited Beyreuth. It is both amusing ied oratorio in London under Randegger and pathetic to see an audience sitting and after her return to this country her with bowed heads at the performance of first important engagement was with the this Kiralfy spectacle of holy things. If Apollo Club, of Chicago, when the great Wagnes had really hurled into the world Handel masterpiece was given. She has appeared at many May festivals and is a work of genius, a masteplece, in this, his swan song, I, too, should cry 'Ave considered a soprano of the first rank. The Imperator,' and bow the knee; for no man other soloists are all well-known as oratoworships more devoutly at the shrine of rio singers, and it would seem that good Wagner than I do. But it seems to me judgment has been shown in selecting them that there is something defective in the vision which fails to penetrate the tinselled garb of processionals, ballet, transforma-As announced in the Journal last Friday, | tion scenes, steam and purple light to dis-Signor Creatore, the great Italian con- cern the emaciated and anaemic form which is beneath. It is both difficult and secured for a return engagement in In- by the composer of 'Tannhauser,' 'Die making of greater works. This is the product of a man at hard labor. It is unportunity to choose for themselves the compositions to be performed. The follow- a work of genius. But it is a tremendous ing list of musical works is submitted, com-piled from other Creatore programmes, and left shoulder blade, in that people come

> Madame Calve, whose reappearance in Of course Calve sang in "Carmen" last sionate cigarette girl. A New York writer

"Calve never gives two performances of conda" (solos by Signori Pierno, Croce and 'Carmen' exactly alike. To begin with, Iafisco), Ponchielli; Hungarian Rhapsodie, No. 2, Liszt, and Creatore's own marches, Sometimes the skirt of her first-act cos-'Royal Purple," "American Navy" and "Columbus." Mme. Barili, the Italian soprano, will again be the vocal soloist of same way she varies the other costumes of the role as fancy strikes her. But more than this, while never losing sight of the Mme. Liza Del Haze Wickes, the celeunder the aus- has half a dozen ways, all equally effective, of singing the 'Habanera' and the

Calve, by birth half Spanish, half French. Wickes was professor of the piano depart- she affected Buddhism and never felt safe without a certain Oriental amulet about ment in the famous Liege Conservatory of Belgium. She has an enormous repertoire her neck. And for a while she was a and has been in great demand among firm believer in astrology and divinations. During the long tours she made through the United States with the Grau Opera ing given several recitals this winter at Company her favorite diversion was to invite her friends among the artists to spiritualistic seances. Her latest fad is said

where she was born, she owns a thickwalled, medieval castle, the Castle de Cabrieres, named from the goat path which formerly was the sole approach to its rocky height. Here she dons peasant costume and spends much of her time out in the fields with the haymakers. Near her sanitarium for young girls in ill health. Often the prima donna visits her charges and entertains them with singing, and then these girls hear music in which the high-priced audiences of the Metropolitan Opera House know her not-popular airs of La Gascogne and the Basques district, and of Basse Bretagne and Spain. Her musical development has sprung from the

introduced a process for making violins from clay. These fiddles are of the ordinary pattern, but are cast in molds, so that each instrument is an exact counterpart of its fellow. It is said-but it is somewhat hard to believe-that the porcelain body acts as a better resonator than one of wood, and that the tone of the instrument is therefore singularly pure and The same inventor is also making mandolins of china clay, and it seems that they are much appreciated in Southern countries, where this instrument is regarded more seriously than it is in Britain. The obvious disadvantage of a musical instrument being made of china clay is the brittleness of that material, as well as its weight, but both these drawbacks seem to have been forgotten. For some time we have heard of rumors of most excellent violins being made of aluminium, and this metal, from its extreme lightness and other qualities, would seem to be admirably adapted to such a purpose.--Chambers'

The Berlin Royal Library has just acquired a valuable collection of autographs of musicians. It was made by Artaria, publisher of many of Beethoven's works, who got the best part of it for a few hundred florins from Beethoven's heirs when that composer died. There are ninetythree autographs of Beethoven, including some of his most famous works; thirtytwo of Haydn, and others by Schubert, Rossini, Paganini, etc. After keeping them seventy years, the Artaria family offered them for sale by auction. To prevent the collection from being scattered, Dr. Erich Preiger of Bonn paid £10,000 for it, expecting the Prussian government to buy it from him. It has now, after four years of negotiating, done so, but for the same sum that he paid.

weight for weight, is stronger and a better caster than our jointed rod. It rarely weighs over four ounces-mine weighed about two-but the line is practically worthless for casting as we understand the term. The fly is perfect, but the hook lacks strength, and the fish when hooked may easily detach himself in a current or an eddy, or by fouling the line. We all know how it is done from our experience with pinhook and thread in the brooks at

The Japanese, however, have another method of fishing, which may be as new to some of our readers as it was to me. It is quite successful. They catch one fish in any way they can, and then fasten the line securely through its upper jaw, passing it through the roof of the mouth and out at the top of the upper jaw, well in front of the eyes, and then attach through the body of the fish, not far in front of the tail, a horsehair to which is tied a three-pronged parbless hook, which trails in line with the fish and a few inches behind, while it is slowly worked up the stream by the fisherman. The theory is that other fishes, seeing the captive moving along as though in the tropics. The temperature feeding, or perhaps spawning, will pursue and the water was well aerated. This point of fact that does happen, as I saw a stream, from sixty to one hundred yards Chinaman take two fine trout in this man-

Our success with the files was poor. We and horsehair leader (the latter consisting got thirteen or fourteen fingerlings, but of one strand only), a bamboo rod and a we saw the fish we wished to identify most delicate palmer tied on a small barb- caught in fairly good numbers by the less hook. The rod is decidedly good, and, Chinese fishing with decoys,

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at .		٠	,		\$175
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Pianos	, Good	i as	N	ew	\$225
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ductor, and his excellent band have been casy to believe that this music was written him-spends his summers in town and his ould darlint?" city dweller, old Sleepy Davy is; and it irks his mettlesome

> Blue Bird. metropolitan spirit to stay in the hum-drum poorhouse, away out in the stupid, countrified country. Not long ago he was out taking a little walk a blue bird on the telegraph wire and heard it sing. "Ah," thought old Sleepy Davy, bad old intemperate Sleepy Davy, "That's a sign o' spring-that there bird is; I reckon it's a robin-an' I'm a-goin' back to

> So the crafty old blunder-headed fellow packed his few belongings on the sly, smuggled his poor little bundle of ragged clothes out under the hedge, and took another walk one day on the sly, which brought him warm houses, without looking at povertystricken old Davy; bad boys jeered at him, and wicked-looking dogs snuffed at his down-trodden heels contemptuously. Where and ordered him back to the country again

"Tain't my fault, boss-no, 'taint," explained old Davy, glad enough to get back way. Ef it wuzn't spring, boss, say, wot made that bad blue robin comin' a-singin'

right, and hot-water heat is all right, too, A well-known manufacturer of musical fondly on them, thinking of the fine time instruments in Germany-Max Freyer-has we were to have reading, by my blessed, blazing old open fire. I could hardly wait

> for winter to come. "Well, sir, nobody knows what ails those old logs. I'm the laughing stock not only of my family but of my part of the town. They burn, to be sure, but slow-well, slow smoulder, sizzle, sing and just carry on for a whole day and night before it gives up the ghost, and goes to ashes. But I stay by them, any way, and get a decent fire by Don't give me away-everybody else says they are water-logged, but I believe they are petrified. Yes, sir; I've got a shed full of petrified back-logs,"

The curiosity of people who live in the country, it is claimed, is somewhat keener than that of city dwellers, who suffer in the other direction-being A Friendship distressed by having too many interesting objects to look at and investigate. of events and other city hurly-burly, to be surroundings. All this winter a suburban family, who have to rise early in order to and business office, have noticed a large, brige red light low on the ground, evidently a bonfire, across some meadows and small ravines. The fire appeared every morning, even on Sunday morning, and in time, little Dick discovered that this same red blaze, making a cheerful glow across the landscape, appeared on several evenings in the week, just before dark. Much discussion took place concerning the pleasant bright light, but no plausible solution of this country mystery could be offered. It was too small for a brush heap; too frank and open for a tramp's fire, and not near evening, when the bright glow was seen again blazing in the brown field, the head of the family, with the smallest boy, started out to investigate. Over the rough stubble, in the half-dark, they stumbled along, until the spot was reached. The end of the story is both amusing and pathetic. They found a fine old Irish gentleman, cooking, in a huge iron kettle, suspended over the fire it and become impaled on the hooks. In they had so long noticed, a good hot supper for his pet pig, in a pen near by. "Th' ould lady, an' th' gurls," said the cheerful old Irish gentleman, "wouldn't let

me kape me pig nigh to th' house, but, be

dad, it's not mesilf would be lettin' me own

Old Sleepy Davy-so the street boys call | hot meals he gets iv'ry day, ain't it, ye

ing world, in which so many affairs that A Somewhat Curious "Aunt Margaret is with us," said a young married man, "and I'm afraid she is demoralizing

my wife. Not long ago they attended a funeral, and they tell me that they laughed nearly all the way home, partly at themselves, however. Aunt Margaret is one of your ahead-of-the-time ladies, and generally arrived everywhere about half an hour before she is expected; Louise is rather on them to attend a funeral for me. An elderand the young man, for some reason, asked me if I would not be present at the burial. told him my wife would be there. Aunt past nine, at least. Not one of the carriages had arrived; only the closed house and crepe on the door denoted the character of the event to occur. The house was quite 'ioned affair, with room after room built on. They followed the pavement around the house and were ushered by a small boy into a very remote, built-on room, which seemed to have no connection with the seemed to them, for hours. Carriages were man was ushered in to keep them company, and, after while, two heavily veiled elderly ladies. All sat silent, and the old-fashioned painted-faced clock ticked loudly on the high old black mantel. The lone man went to sleep and snored in a drowsy puffly far away and muffled, came sounds of a hymn being sung. Then a long, deadened prayer was heard-remote and almost indiscarriages were heard driving up, and drivng away. The lone man did not wake up, the two elderly ladies sat motionless under their black veils, so Louise and Aunt Mar-

"Finally, after what seemed an age, a young woman opened the outside door, and

'Goodness, gracious,' she exclaimed, You didn't see the funeral at all, did you?

"That's what made Aunt Margaret and Louise laugh all the way home. They had een to a funeral and hadn't seen a hack, nor a hearse, nor the casket, nor the preacher, nor a single one of the people, except the lone man and the two veiled ladies. Louise calls it 'the long-distance funeral,' "

Quite Enough. New York Times.

"My husband wouldn't engage the cook because she spoke two languages." "What difference did that make?" "Oh, he said one language was enough to

To a Portrait of Lincoln. Men called it wonderful for thee to rise

From nature's forests, under nature's skies. Nay; marvel not, mankind, that heroes spring From where immortal ferest anthems ring. Didst thou regret the lessons nature taught So long ago-the gifts she gave, unsought? When all the living world thy praise sang, When vale and plain and mount, applauding, Wert thou not happy? Yet a sadness lies Far dewn within the depths of those dark eyes; In crowded hall, amid the bustling throng, Didst thou not for thy vanished boyhood long? When, a Titanic fire, war's lurid glow Lit all the land the Nation to g'erthrow,

Thine was the master mind that quelled the Thine was the hand that saved thy country's Though countless ages come and hold their sway, In hearts of men thy name shall ne'er decay. -Nannie C. Barr (aged thirteen), in February

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x x x Presented as Produced in New York. Prices, Night, \$1.50, \$1.00, 75c, 50c, 25c; Mat., \$1.00, 75c, 50c, 25c. Seats ready Tuesday

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